THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE NEW YEAR.

" The year expires, and this its latest hour ;
" Ah think, my soul, how swift the moment flies.
" Twelve months ago, what numbers, blythe and gay,
" Thoughtful plann'd schemes for the succeeding year ;
" How vain were all their hopes———
" We've followed worth, and merit to the grave,
" The last sad duties to their ashes paid ;
" How soon may we the same kind office crave,
" The pitying tear, sad sigh and friendly aid ?"

My dear Easy,

THE sun has beheld another revolution of the earth in its orbit. The blasts of winter, the mildness of spring, the heats of summer and the splendour of autumn have passed away, and the varying changes of another year are fast commencing ; the events of which are buried in the womb of futurity. In vain is our curiosity on the wing ; in vain does enquiry exert her powers of research ; for *Time* exclaims, " Cease, discontented mortal, to look down that interminable avenue in which I reside ; it is enough for thee to know the actions of the fleeting day.—If thou possessest not energy of mind sufficient to buoy thee up under the calamities of the moment, wouldest thou not sink unsupported were I to reveal to thee the events of a whole year. The rushing torrent, augmented by the tribute of innumerable streams, that flow from the afflictions of so many weeks, would overwhelm thee when thou art scarcely able to resist the small stream that issues from the sorrows and misfortunes of a single day."

Since, then, we are not permitted to look forward, we might take a retrospection : and though the scene over which we may cast our eyes, will in some parts appear pleasing, lively, and consolatory ; yet the greater portion of it is gloomy, sorrowful and deplorable. Scarcely is there a family in which the ravages of time are not visible. Youth and beauty, but the allurements of the moment, have passed away, like a shadow ; they have vanished like a dream. There is no neighbourhood in which the minister of death has not appeared, to execute his awful commands. There have been few who have not witnessed the departure of some dear relation—some beloved friend or acquaintance, who at the commencement of the last year, was as lively and gay as we are now ; enjoying the pleasures of the day ; viewing eternity at a distance, and death only as a possible event. His strength and vigour and activity banished from his mind all probability of its immediate assailment. Let these examples serve as a warning voice to the living to prepare themselves for the events of the *New-Year*. Let them buckle on the armour of religion, and every depressing apprehension will be removed. Let them only appear with fortitude in the field of combat, and the enemy will retire before them.

The mind depressed by this melancholy representation, turns with rapture to another part of the scene, better calculated to create pleasure. It beholds with exultation, on one side, the arts and sciences rapidly advancing towards a state of perfection. Genius has penetrated and unfolded the mysteries of nature. On the other, the youth of our country seeking with avidity for knowledge—It sees rise up with the fair prospect of being useful to the state, in the cabinet ; and when the alarm of war is sounded, of protecting her from the convulsions which agitate the eastern world. It views our citizens enjoying the blessings of peace and liberty. Pleasing prospect ! happy people ! Behold the miserable and forlorn condition of the nations of the old world, and learn to appreciate the value of thy situation. The year which has just terminated has, to them, been productive of great events ; of events which (if we might dare to give scope to conjecture) will sensibly alter their wretched condition. But will it be to a

condition of happiness? no! the ambition of their tyrants will bind them down to earth with the fetters of slavery; which, I fear, will never be broken. A lawless, domineering and ambitious power, will but smile at the independence of nations, and their liberties will be swallowed up in the glory of an individual. Their absolute depression will, to his view, but minister to his exaltation. At a time when one half of the nations of Europe have coalesced against the other; when mutual menaces and irritations have served to inflame the rage of their tyrannical rulers, how will their condition be meliorated? must there not be an augmentation of their miseries?

From these general reflections the transition is natural, necessary, and easy, to contemplations more particular. These *generals* were intended only as a prelude to *particulars*.

The *industrious* MERCHANT of our country has dared to trust his treasures to the stormy ocean; hoping that its billows will waft his returning vessel with a new-made fortune to its native port. Neither the colds of the frigid, nor the heats of the torrid zone, can terrify him; for he will pursue his favourite fortune. An useful class of citizens, indeed, who do as much service to their country by their industry, as they honour it by their manners.

The *industrious* FARMER has the whole year been employed in the cultivation of his lands. The rising sun seldom beholds him stretched on his bed of down. Occupied by the cares of his family, he departs to his field in the morning, there, by his labour to elevate himself above the frowns of the world; and, with the declining sun, he returns home surrounded by his joyful and happy children, contending with each other in expressing their filial affection and esteem. When he enters his rural mansion, the partner of his toils and cares accosts him with the smiles of welcome; which carry a thousand pleasing and elevating sensations to his soul. God of heaven! if real felicity is not to be enjoyed under the roof of that mansion, where is it to be found? If it exists not there, it lives but in the imagination; it eludes our grasp; it can be but a phantom.

The *fickle* LAWYER has sometimes exerted himself in the defence of innocence; he has sometimes stepped forward to assist in the dispensation of justice: but this has been the virtuous, the bright side of his professional life; and if his whole character, during the last year had made such an exhibition, he might be deservedly ranked among men in the highest grade of usefulness to their country.—But unfortunately the attractions of wealth have led him from that path in which he should always tread. In many instances, he has dared, in order to gain his point, to defame virtue itself; to charge innocence with crimes of the greatest enormity.* It would be presumption to assert, that the culpability of such actions attaches equally to them all; but I should feel extremely happy could I say, that the majority of them were exempted from their perpetration. If they would all guide themselves by reason and rectitude, they would become an honour to their profession and their country. Their talents, instead of prostitution, would gain them a lasting reputation and the esteem of their fellow citizens.

The *humane* PHYSICIAN has extended his beneficence to all within the sphere of his action. He has lifted the latch of the poor man's door, and carried to the sickly, health; to the desponding, firmness; to the timid, resolution: and where religion has formed a trait in his character, repeated observation has proven, that the most salutary effects have resulted. For no human being can be better calculated to impress the mind with just and elevated sentiments of the Deity, than the Physician. He can shew afflicted sinners, with a voice that cannot be resisted, that the separation between them and eternity is but fragile; and that a few additional pulsations of the heart must terminate their mortal existence. We have during the last year been made fully sensible of the truth of Homer's opinion, that

> "A good Physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
> "Is more than armies to the public weal."

RELIGION! May I lift the curtain that conceals the sacred temple? may I enter the house of thy ministers without profanation; and view them dispensing good and contentment with a generous hand to their afflicted brethren? Is there a being over whom the wings of affliction have hovered, and that has not in the hour of distress, felt thy cheering and consolatory influence? Is there one who, during the year that has just terminated, approached thy standard, and would even in times of the greatest danger, voluntarily desert thee? The ministers of that holy religion that has for its basis the love of God, have nobly exerted their talents in leading the deluded and hardened sinner into the road that leadeth to repentance. And although our churches may now be destitute of the impressive eloquence of MASSILLON and SAURIN, or the argumentative powers of TILLOTSON and BLAIR, yet the last year has unfurled the banner of hope, and we descry some who, if aided by exertion, will in a few

* I hope the gentlemen of the law will take no offence at this picture; for the colours are not too deep. The pencil of truth was used by the author in its delineation. S.

years fall but little behind their celebrated predecessors, either in the rapidity and pathos of their eloquence, or in the fervour and correctness of their professions. Our ears have been constantly assailed by the hackneyed exclamation—"The times are degenerating:" but even a rapid glance over the state and condition of our country, confounds the declaration. Luxury, it is true, has in some of our cities been advancing; and religion decaying.—Their youth have become enervated and effeminate, by a constant attachment to vicious habits. But in countries far remote from the noise and bustle of the city, dissipation has not dared to approach. In many parts religion, unenfeebled by vices which in other places are predominant, holds yet an absolute sway. And, oh Father of mercies, may it long have the ascendancy! It is the great pillar by which the state must be supported; it is the grand corner-stone of civil society: if this should be prostrated by the hands of infidelity, the fabric must tumble into ruins.

It has been customary, sir, on occasions similar to the present, for the essayist to declaim on happiness. But this declamation we will dispense with, and dismiss the subject with a few immethodical observations. Writers have at one time considered it as altogether visionary; they have declared that no situation in life is calculated to produce it. At another it has been viewed as a tutelary goddess, and her votaries have prostrated themselves before her and worshipped her. But an incessant adoration, and an ardent anxiety, will not procure her favours. She is modest and bashful, and she shuns the humble supplicant who falls down before her temple. Happiness must arise from contentment. A mind placid and calm, that continues unruffled by every contrary and opposing wind, will be likely to give rise to that pleasurable sensation.—Happiness springs not immediately from external things; it must arise from internal feeling, from the sensations and emotions of the heart. The splendid palace is not her habitation; nor is she always the companion of beauty. She is not the attendant of wealth and dissipation; nor is she the assistant of penury and want. You will, then, be almost ready to conclude, that she is an invisible being, often talked of, but never felt. But if she dwells in any mind—if she is even remotely affected by external circumstances, I think that the assertion of the poet is far from being improbable, when he says

"Oh knew he but his happiness; of men
"The happiest he! who far from public rage,
"Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
"Drinks the pure pleasures of the *rural life*."

The velocity of time in its approach seems to have been little attended to by the generality of mankind: But now, when the year has rolled away, they are sensible of the rapidity with which it departs. Busily engaged in the toils and occupations of the world, they do not lay out for reflection, a moment of composure. If we could but suffer ourselves to reason, the necessity of repeated examinations into our conduct would readily appear, and a little reflection would tell us that time approaches with as rapid a wing as it departs. A contemplation of this truth might lead us to spend our time to the greatest advantage; it might warn us not to dissipate in idleness those moments which were given us for useful purposes. The rapidity with which the hours pass away has furnished Ovid with the following beautiful and instructing passage.

"Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu
"Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consitere flumen
"Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
"Urgeturque prior venunti, urgetque priorem
"Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur
"Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante relictum est
"Fitque, quod haud fuerat: Momentaque cuncta novantur."

A more appropriate & impressive comparison is not perhaps to be found in the Latin language. The poet seems on this occasion to have exerted all his talents; and he has not failed to describe with accuracy and elegance, the similarity that prevails between the rapid movement of a torrent, and of time. Virgil too seems to be fully sensible of the infinite importance of time, when he breaks out in the following strain:

"Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus."

Again, he makes *Alcides* address his son *Pallas* in this concise but eloquent sentence, to impress him with a deep conviction of the brevity and uncertainty of life:

——————"breve et irreparabile tempus.
"Omnibus est vitæ"——————

One more sentence shall conclude my present communication. Nor shall that sentence be composed of less than the words of an illustrious author: "The lapse of "time is silent and unseen; it flows without the whisper "of a sound, and without the shadow of a form."

SIDNEY.

Harford County January 1, 1805.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. VIII.

Mr. Easy,

Your kind note, commending me more than my small merit can deserve, has induced me thus early to finish the account of our visit to the amiable Lavinia. If your readers are pleased to pronounce favourably on the productions of The Pedestrian, he will conceive himself highly honoured, and amply rewarded for his trouble, in committing to paper, for their amusement, his thoughts on many occasions.

LAVINIA'S RETURN

Was known already to many a fair idler, and many a one entered not long after our arrival.

I don't like large mixed companies, said Leander in a whisper. Then you will be blamed for want of sociability, replied I. It was intended by the great Creator that a large mixed company should be—else why the great variety in his work. Very true, said Leander, with his eyes quite another way, while it was plain he paid no attention to the remark.

It was a large company, of ladies and gentlemen—for the spirit of the times entitle a man to the appellation gentle, though he is as turbulent and as unmanageable as the most pouting Master Dickey, who is his Ma's *dear pet*. In this assembly—strange to tell, sir—where were present, in their proper places, several female rhetoricians, capable of astonishing one with long accounts of nothings—In this assembly we suddenly became silent and still.

"Silent and still!" exclaims the reader—"what! where there were several professed talkers."

Silent as death—I repeat it—and can prove the truth of my assertion by twenty. It was strange—I felt awkward—Many of them looked silly—It was indeed Quakerish—and Leander quaked. I never remember to have seen a collection of sociable beings show to so much disadvantage. It is wonderous strange—indeed it is—to be in such a *hobble*. When the garrulous spirit takes a sudden flight, and leaves a collection of her votaries in the possession of SILENCE—this goddess binds, by her invisible chords, the tongues—and every animal faculty of the company—down to positive stupidity.—'Till, ashamed of their subjection, the awkward movement of one, excites the risibility, or unbinds the tongue of his neighbour—when the charm is broken—and they return with joy to their wonted life and merriment. Thus ran my train of reflection—which, if others were so affected, held us with greater certitude in durance—when a mere dolt, a very brainless, fat-headed fellow, very gravely demanded of some one near him, "*What is my thought like?*"

Leander gazed, astonished, at him—for he could not suppose the man capable of thinking *at all*.

I perceived the enquiry in Leander's countenance, and informed him that this was a kind of amusement, which, however trifling it might appear to him, had its intrinsic merit—and it had the desirable effect of relieving us from our awful situation.

It is like a *roasted apple*, answered one—who understood the game, and who appeared to be mistress of a large fund of this species of wit.

I need not describe to you, Mr. Easy, the play of "What is my thought like?"—For I apprehend that with all your wisdom and gravity, you have, in younger days, unbent to this folly—if so you pronounce it: & I have sufficient charity to believe, that you would yet rather be one here, than one of the spotted paste-board adventurers. Suffice it to say, that we all *guessed* at what his thought—acting upon the liberal principle, that the interrogator should be acknowledged capable of thinking—we each named that which we meant to make his thought like. The proposer, after going round the circle, proclaimed that he had thought of *his own head*.

A gentleman who had pronounced the secret thought to be like *a horse*—and who declared he was immensely fond of this amusement—was now called on, for "reasons why" the man's head was like a horse? "Why, sir, your head is like——like—a horse, because a—because a—a——ha, ha, ha,—because——I dono hardly."——After all this stumbling and plunging, he fell prostrate by adding—"Why because your—your hair is tyed!!" Unfortunate bungler, I felt sorrow for thee! whilst Leander was enraged against thee for *attempting* to associate two ideas.

This poor fellow, had he been possessed of a very little sense of feeling, must have been greatly mortified at the tittering and loud laugh of the company—but his uncommon querable stupidity enabled him, fool like, to laugh loudest when he was himself the subject of ridicule.

Why, Miss, asked the THINKER, is my head like a *roasted apple?* Sir, replied the young lady, your head is like unto a roasted apple, because it is *soft*.

This fortunate guess rendered the happy application of the similie so plain, and it was in itself so keen and legitimate, that when the unmarked countenance and powderous head of the proposer were considered—I would defy, said Leander, as he held both sides, and stamped on the floor—I'd defy the sourest philosopher in the city, were he present, to preserve his gravity.

The disconsolate appearance of our deep thinker could not restrain the unanimous disposition of these disci-

of Democr'tus to make merry at his expence. You would have supposed that, from the convulsion then prevailing, su'h a company could never have been all silent—and all be together.

The offended gentleman began to remonstrate—thinking, as he expressed it—"how as they were making *yearnest* of it." In vain did several attempt to convince the good man that they laughed not at him—but at the young lady's witty solution of the question:—while others insisted that no person should play at "What's my thought like," except those who possessed a sufficiency of good humour and intellect, to bear them up against the harmless merriment and occasional gibings of those pleasant lasses and jocular swains with whom they (otherwise improperly) chose to associate. In vain did they use reason as an argument with SOFTHEAD, as the girls began to call him—for he appeared determined to convince some of us that his "head was hard enough to bear more beating *nor* we thought for." He grew so boisterous that I plainly perceived in Leander a strong desire to smite him. The young lady with whom he had come here, appeared to be quite distressed by his behaviour, and wished to depart—but Lavinia said no—and Leander advanced towards the person whose insufferable want of decency thus marred our peace, with intent, as he informed me, of taking him out where he could apply arguments adapted to the comprehension of his leaden brain.—Leander was prevented—and the contempt of the whole effected the speedy expulsion of one, who fairly proved by his conduct, that he was unworthy of countenance. The fellow sneaked away from us—under the goading of such feelings as must prevent his ever forgetting the evening of *Lavinia's return*.

RARIO.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 71.)

The knocking having continued with increased violence, and the noise of many harsh voices becoming more vociferous for admittance, my ancient hostess suddenly burst into my room, having no other habilliments to screen her *beauteous* nakedness, than a ragged night-gown. In an harmonious voice, which united some of the most pleasing sounds imaginable, such as the croak of a raven, the hooting of an owl, and the harsh screams of a jay, she informed me that some of the lame soldiers from the fort had brought the dead body of a man, demanding immediate admittance to the stranger, (meaning myself) who had arrived that night; but, said she, "God forbid that I, who am as good a christian as any breathing, should suffer a dead man to enter my house, for if I did, I'm sure and sartain his ghost would never quit me unto my dying day, and my house would never know peace and quietness, and that's God's truth."

Not having any doubt that the old invalids of the fort, whom I had sent upon the search for the body of my poor guide, had succeeded in their undertaking, and that they had now arrived with his body, I told the old woman, in a very authoritative voice, that I insisted upon the immediate admittance of those without, and that if she did not choose to perform this command I would myself break open the door.

Perceiving that I was resolute, the ancient harridan thought fit to obey, and forthwith opened the door. Instantly a whole troop of invalids, some without an eye, some without a leg, and others armless, rushed in, bearing upon their shoulders the body of a man, whom they immediately deposited upon the ground.

I had no sooner viewed the body than I recognised the unfortunate person of my hapless guide, who to all appearance was now a breathless corpse before me. His eyes were sunk and fixed, but not closed; a white foam surrounded his mouth, and the livid paleness of death was upon him. Cold, wet, and stiffening, I ordered his once dignified form to be laid before a fire, while some of the poor old soldiers (who stood by, dripping water from their forlorn persons, and visibly affected by the melancholy spectacle before them) at my request engaged to rub him with warm cloths.

Upwards of an hour was spent in endeavours to recall a life which to me had become so precious, but which had now, too evidently, fled for ever to the eternal abodes of futurity. They were all vain, and with much sorrow our attempts were relinquished. It was with the greatest difficulty that my old hostess could be prevailed upon to suffer the deceased to remain upon her premises for that night, but the promise of reward had, at length, such an effect upon her, that she allowed it to be laid upon the floor of a back apartment, which was not in much use, and which was situated immediately under my bed room; observing that if his ghost did haunt that part of her house it would not be of much consequence, because scarcely any body ever went there.

A serjeant of the invalids who was present, observed that the body must be carefully preserved for the inspection of a coroner, before whose inquest it must be taken on the following morning; and that to preserve it in some degree from the attacks of vermin, with which the house and in-

deed the whole neighbourhood swarmed to an unusual degree, it was proposed that we should place it in a large thick sack, which was used for the conveyance of potatoes, tie up the mouth, and deposit it in the room before mentioned.

This proposition meeting with the approbation of all parties, the body was carefully deposited in the sack, and placed upon the ground of the apartment proposed, which appeared to be used for no other purpose than as a receptacle for peat-turf. This ceremony being performed, the door of the room fastened, and the poor soldiers being well supplied with whiskey, I once more retired to my own apartment, amidst the condolence of these honest people, who appeared to lament with great sincerity of grief, the death of the poor Highlander, whom it seemed was not unknown to my old landlady.

Fearing the attacks of vermin, I did not pull off all my cloaths, but having placed my candle unextinguished upon the hearth, I crawled into the dismal hole, that was appropriated for my repose with my travelling cloak enfolded close round me. Labouring under the impression of so many melancholy circumstances as had befallen me on the preceding day, it was in vain that I waited for the happy approaches of sleep, whose healing balm was denied to my agitated feelings, and in a feverish state of anxiety, I rolled to and fro in my narrow abode, until my fever had increased to a state of actual phrensy, and my imagination tortured me with a rapid conception of horrid images which I could scarcely endure.

In this miserable state of being, I suddenly heard or imagined I heard, a strange noise below, in the apartment immediately under mine and in which the corpse of the unfortunate Highlander was deposited. I listened with minute attention for its repetition, but all remained still as the abode of death for a considerable time, when as I was again relapsing into my former mood of despondency, it was repeated with additional strange sounds unlike any thing I had ever heard, and I listened with a degree of attention that nearly suspended animation, endeavouring in vain to account for its existence. At length, after a loud crash it ceased, and all was again silent as a tomb.

These unusual and unaccountable sounds had at once raised my curiosity and my fears to a violent conflict, I wished to be made acquainted with their cause, and yet my foolish fears for a long time prevented me; but, at length, perceiving my candle to be nearly consumed, I resolved to benefit by its light, and having worked up a strong degree of resolution, I seized the dying taper, wrapped my cloak closely about me, and gently stole down stairs. All was perfectly still, when I arrived at the door of the suspected apartment, and I stood for a while undetermined whether to proceed or retire once more to my room, but imagining that I again heard some low indeterminate sounds within, I unlocked the door and rushed into the apartment. My candle threw but a faint and impartial light around, which rendered every object extremely dubious; however, I advanced towards the sack, which had been deposited in the centre of the floor as being the first object of consequence to be examined, and held the light down to it.

But what was my surprise and astonishment, when I beheld a long slit made in the sack, which was now empty, and its late inhabitant removed! I started backwards, and gazed around with a stupid, fearful stare, in hopes and yet afraid of beholding some horrible object that should remove my fears, or increase my uneasiness.

In a remote and gloomy corner of the apartment, sitting upon a pile of peat-turf, I beheld the naked figure of a man, placed with his head rested upon his hands, while his eyes were steadily fixed upon all my movements. His features were not so far deathlike that I could not discover the lineaments of the generous Highlander, but a more horrid figure I never beheld than he appeared, sitting in an immoveable attitude in such a gloomy spot, while his body seemed almost covered with black dust from the peat upon which he sat.

My fears were far from being abated upon the discovery of this miserable and shocking spectacle. My mind was enervated by the conflicting emotions of grief, pain, and anxiety, I had undergone, and was consequently rendered more liable to the impressions of superstition, whose baneful influence now too evidently affected my mind. Although my eyes remained rivetted upon the figure before me, I gradually retreated towards the door, which being perceived by him he slowly arose and advanced forwards with the same gradual steps, by which I retired, observing an exact distance between us. When I stopped, he stopped, and when I retreated he advanced, until my fears were increased to a most violent degree, and at length I flew with vast precipitation to my own apartment & threw the door after me with all the violence of confirmed despair, but the figure still followed, and also burst into my room, standing before me with an expression of countenance, and in an attitude of terror that at once annihilated all the remaining stock of my resolution, and I sunk down upon a chair almost in a state of complete insensibility.

(To be continued.)

The following beautiful and descriptive Extract is taken from Sermons, published under the title of the Scotch Preacher.

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre; death held his sceptre over the son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their post, the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspence to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning-star arising in the east announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence and fell prostrate on the ground; his countenance was like lightening, and his raiment was as white as snow: he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with died garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength! It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christian, it is your Lord. He hath trodden the wine-press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now as the first-born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave; he returns with blessings from the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! it was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy; the Father of Mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven for the refreshing of the nations.

An ex-priest, named Thuring, died lately at St. Servan, whose life had been marked by an adventure that might appear very extraordinary, even to such as read only romances, and see only Melodramas. Thuring had been, on his return to France, with his wife and two children, and a considerable property, which he had acquired in New-England, but suffered shipwreck within sight of the coast of Brittany, and swam ashore alone. Not doubting that the sea, which he saw covered with the ruins of his fortune, had also swallowed up his wife and children, he hastened to bury his despair in a monastery which attracted his notice. His superiors discovered in him some talents for the pulpit, and sent him on a mission to preach in the neighbouring cities and villages. He was preaching one day, precisely the same, on which, five years before, he had suffered shipwreck, in the city of Croisie, on the instability of human affairs, a text which gave him an opportunity of quoting the tale of his own misfortunes as an example. He had scarcely finished his interesting picture, when a woman, who had listened with particular attention, screamed and fainted. Being removed into sacristy she recovered just as the sermon had ended, and the first object she perceived was father Thuring, who was paying her a visit. The female was his wife whom some fisherman had brought off the rocks when the vessel sunk.

The husband retaining his cowl, the wife took the veil in a neighbouring convent, and both found, in religion, consolation which changed their existence.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "*Christmas Hymn*," which is rather post-date, is notwithstanding fully entitled to a birthright in the Companion. The *special* address to Mr. John Cole, would not be tolerated, did we not know that the city is well informed who is the *Editor* of this work. But as Messrs. Cole & Hewes are *Proprietors* only, the Editor, *encouraged by his associates*, is happy in having this opportunity afforded him, of expressing his high sense of Mr. Cole's talents, in Church Music. The Editor is not ignorant of the just claim this gentleman has to no beggarly praise for his unceasing exertion to harmonize and encourage the Choirs of this city. The "*Beauties of Psalmody*," composed and compiled by Mr. J. Cole, a second edition of which has lately issued from the Press of Mess. Cole & Hewes, will bear the Editor out in this deserved acknowledgment.

Common Sense No. 5 is received.

Udolpho may read our last week's note to his brother bungler—Orlando.

It has been whispered, that our friend Leander could write in a plaintive strain only; we have received his address "to Clarinda," which we are happy to say, contains much playful humour, and will effectually remove all ground for such a charge. We advise Leander to wield again the satiric pen. As he is their very particular friend, Leander may sport with the ladies, by way of relaxation, further than would be prudent in strangers to their smiles.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN,

FOR MUSIC.

Respectfully addressed to the attention of MR. J. COLE.

RECIT.

While humble Shepherds watch'd their fleecy cares,
On Bethl'em's fertile plains, in dead of night
A messenger from God, alarm'd their fears,
By filling all the space with glorious light.

SOLO.

"Fear not," said he, "behold I bring,
"Good news to all mankind;
"In David's town is born a king,
"Who by this sign you'll find.—

"The lowing herds have left their stall,
"To give your God a place;
"A manger holds the Lord of all,
"And glory fills the space.

"He comes to bring the nations peace,
"And reconcile to God
"The fallen tribes of Adam's race,
"And point to heaven the road."

RECIT.

He ceased to speak—when lo, heav'n's Choir appear'd,
And thus confirm'd the news the Shepherds heard.

SEMI CHORUS.

"Glory be to God on high,
"God whose glory fills the sky;
"Peace, good will to man is given,
"Jesus points the road to heav'n."

FULL CHORUS.

Hail! Great Prophet, Priest and King!
Thou didst our salvation bring.
Lead us to the realms above,
Where we'll sing redeeming love:
Until then, our feeble lays,
We'll devote to Jesus' praise;
And, while pilgrims here on earth,
Celebrate the Saviour's birth.

—HENRIETTA.—

SONG.

My dawn of life was overcast,
And, gloomy was the scene;
Sweet hope was exil'd from my breast,
Where joy had never been.

Sally.

Thus wrapt in misanthropic gloom,
I saw thy lovely face—
The clouds dispers'd from off my brow,
And night to day gave place.

Sally.

Such power, sweet maid! do you possess,
To cheer this heart of mine;
Withdraw not then thy pleasing smile,
And me to grief consign.

Sally. D.

TO CYNTHIA.

To love a maid from earliest years,
And bear her image in his breast,
How sad a fate for him who fears
His wishes never can be blest?

Oh Cynthia! pardon if I dare
Repine at ills I must endure,
And ask why thou wast made so fair,
And I was left so very poor.

If fortune, niggard of her store,
E'er claim'd a tear for gifts so few,
Or forc'd a transient sigh for more,
O, Cynthia, it was but for you.

I see another claim those charms,
Which once (forgive this falling tear)
I fondly hop'd might bless these arms,
And which thro' life shall still be dear.

Yet tho' my path be strew'd with woe;
Of wasting grief tho' large my share;
My heart may hope some joy to know,
Since love and you inhabit there.

BEAUTY AND GRACE.

ELLEN and MIRA, every hour,
Do various hearts surprize;
In Ellen's heart lays all her power;
And Mira's in her eyes.

Mira's, more general conquests are,
Ellen's are more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair;
But few a lovely mind.

Ellen, like Vernon's hero, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants Mira deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, gay Mira, boast thy face,
Thy beauty only store;
For every day thy charms decrease;
Each day gives Ellen more.

—ELVIRA.—